

## Paralyzed for Years

A CARPENTER SPENDS MANY MONTHS IN BED—PHYSICIANS DO HIM LITTLE GOOD.

PARALYSIS CAME FROM A FALL.

From the Express, Los Angeles, California.

Just think of a busy, hardworking man paralyzed in the midst of his career, and rendered useless.

That was the misfortune that befell James A. Jones, of 1003 Alpine street, Los Angeles, Cal., in September, 1891. Mr. Jones was born in the state where many of the presidents come from—Ohio, but spent the greater part of his life during his younger years in Iowa, from which place he went to Colorado, and in 1882 came to Los Angeles. It was a small place then, before the boom came along and pushed us forward a century in the road of progress, and Mr. Jones followed his occupation of carpenter and builder. While at work in September, 1891, he received a fall which jarred him considerably and he became confined to his bed.

Shortly after he lost the use of his lower part of his body entirely, and his legs became a dead weight. A plaster cast was put upon him by the doctors and they worked over him and did all things possible to assist his recovery. But he remained in the same condition.

In April, 1893, he began to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. The following June he noticed that he could move his toes, and on July 4, 1893, he got up out of bed and later in the month was able to walk without crutches. Shortly after, still continuing the pills, he went to work at his trade at Whittier, where he sustained a fall and again injured himself and had to go to bed, and the dread paralysis came on again.

Again the doctors worked with him, but without relief, and he once more began to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The doctors had given him bromides and iodides, but without effect. Again the pills drove the paralysis into the background. He said, "I took them in accordance with directions, and in connection with the use of cold sponge baths, found they were exceedingly beneficial."

Mr. Jones is now able to walk again, and he feels that the pills are the only thing that has done him any good. In this connection he said: "The doctors who have treated me have done everything in their power, but without effect, and it does seem marvelous that paralysis should be overcome by these little pills. But that has been my experience. If anyone doubts it, let them write to me or come and see me, and I will tell them the story."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effect of influenza, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion, all forms of weakness either in male or female. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 (they are never sold in bulk or by the 100), by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

Costumes of the Spree-wild.

Consul General De Kay writes a paper entitled "An Inland Venice" for The Century. It is a description of life in the Serbian swamp, Vendland. Mr. De Kay says: "School out" at the village school of Burg is a pretty sight. The substantial brick building overlooks the ever murmuring highway, and the boys and girls, instead of striding up a dusty road, tumble into punts and pile away for dear life—the boys much like other boys, but the girls reduced to the condition of their mothers and elder sisters, clad in bright but short tunics and visible afar off through their strange mob caps with wings. As one moves down stream from Burg by Leipe to Lubbenan, these wings grow smaller and collapse, while the skirts grow longer and more resemble the ordinary dress of women. At a dance the Spree-wilders know instantly by the peculiarities of her costume, from what village a woman or girl has come. At Leipe the multitudinous skirts of alarming girth are no more. The gown reaches the ankles, and the cap fits close to the head instead of resting on a framework as in Burg. Thus the dress in Leipe is perhaps more graceful, but it is more commonplace. It no longer testifies to that pride of the peasant father or husband which is shown by the number of yards in the skirts of his woman folk and the variety of their caps, but the richness of their dress as well as their jewelry.

**Blooming Health**

secured to every woman by the use of

**Woman's Safe Cure**

Thousands of afflicted women have been cured by its use.

Why not You?

A Purely Vegetable Preparation.

A Remedy with a Remarkable Record.

Large bottle or new style smaller one at your druggist. Write for Medical Blank Form, Woman's Safe Cure Co., Rochester, N. Y.

## ANCIENT WATER HEATERS.

People Two Thousand Years Ago Had Some Practical Conventions.

In two of the museums of old Roman antiquities at Naples there are several water heaters, which indicate that the principle of the water tube, the crowning feature of modern boilers, was fully understood and appreciated some 2,000 years ago. Mr. W. T. Bonner of Cincinnati has been investigating these heaters and found them to be as interesting as they are beautiful. One of them consists of an outer shell 12 inches in diameter and nearly 17 inches high, surmounted by a somewhat hemispherical top. Inside this shell is an internal cylinder, also having a hemispherical top, which is 10 inches in diameter and 12 inches high. The two shells are connected at the bottom by a rim, like the mud ring of a locomotive firebox, and the space between them is filled with water. The grate was formed of several tubes made from sheet bronze, rolled and soldered at short intervals, and soldered at both ends. These tubes open at both ends into the bottom of the space between the shells, thus forming a water tube grate for the fuel to rest upon.

Charcoal was probably used with this heater and was placed on the grate through an opening 4.8 inches high and 4 inches wide, closed by a beautifully decorated door. The gases from the fire escaped into the outer air through three small openings formed by tubes crossing from the inner to the outer shell at about 5.6 inches above the grate. The whole apparatus was raised about 12 inches on a tripod so as to allow air to reach the fuel. In another boiler of somewhat the same type the outer shell has the form of an urn, while the inner shell rises from a water tube grate to an opening in the side. It is 12 inches in diameter at the widest part, 17.6 inches high and supported on a tripod about 4 inches high. Its general shape is much like that of the silver cream pitchers known as the Paul Revere pattern, although, of course, it is much larger and has a top closed by a lid. It has been suggested that these utensils have been served at some time to heat wine as well as water, which suggestion appears reasonable, as many historians state that the Pompeians made great use of hot drinks. It may be that they were found in one of the temples or cafes, of which there were several in Pompeii.—Boston Transcript.

## FRENCH ARMY AND NAVY.

England's Traditional Enemy Not Behind Her in Armaments.

The French navy ranks next to that of England in numbers, while in efficiency and fighting qualities the French ships are fully equal to their English rivals. In fact, in naval architecture the French early took the lead, and many of the English types of ships were modeled after the French designs, says The Chautauquan. One of the chief differences between the English and the French armored ships today is in the disposition of the armor and the consequent design of the hull. English designers have striven to protect the men working the guns, and to do this they have reduced the length of the ship's armor. French and naval architects, on the other hand, have given little attention to the protection of men and a great deal to the protection of the water line. Therefore they have reduced the breadth of the ship's armor.

It is worthy of note that France is the only great power which levies a tax on such of her citizens as either do not enlist in the standing army or who enlist for a shorter term than three years. Only those who are officially declared "impecunious" are exempt from such a tax. It is payable annually as long as the liability to service lasts, and the revenue from this source amounts to about 30,000,000 francs, or \$6,000,000, annually.

The officers of the French army receive a very thorough education at the different military schools. At the head of these (although not exclusively military) stands the Polytechnic school in Paris, which admits 150 pupils annually after a competitive examination. The course occupies nine months in the year for two years. As it is possible to keep under arms for three years the entire annual contingent of recruits, the law provides for the discharge of thoroughly trained men at the end of the first or second year of active service in such proportions as to bring down the peace strength of the army to the number annually determined upon by the general assembly. Preferences in this connection are decided by lot. For this purpose every recruit at his enrollment draws a number, and only those having the highest numbers are entitled to consideration.

## A Secondary Matter.

Mistress—Johanna, you haven't cooked anything today, and it's my birthday too.

Cook—Excuse me, I haven't quite finished my poem to you yet, missus.—Household Words.

Astrology was the invention of Chaldean and Egyptian priests. There is reason to believe that astrology was practiced in connection with astronomy in Chaldea and the valley of the Nile between 4000 and 5000 years B. C.

The voyage between New York and Christiania is 3,800 knots in length.

## RATTLED.

To make a mad dog to order, tie a tin pan to his tail. A man made mad is one who, after suffering 15, 20 years with rheumatism, finds that by the use of a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil he is cured. He feels the waste of his life in pain, with the loss of time, place and money, and then reflects that for the expense of 50c he could have saved all this and lived free of pain; it is enough to make him mad. Most of our sufferings are intensified by delay in seeking relief, and there is much worth knowing as regards the cure of pain that we find out at last only by the use of the best cure. It is worth knowing that for the cure of rheumatism there is special virtue in The Great Remedy for Pain, St. Jacobs Oil, and as so much can be saved by its use, the cost is really nothing.

"Young Higgins married, you say, on 31st week? That took nerve, anyhow. What was he working at?" "Nothing. It was the girl who was earning the 31c."

## TEA GARDEN DRIPS.

Sweetest and richest flavored table syrup ever made. Try it.

Shattered nerves, weak stomach, impaired digestion and inability to sleep disappear when Lash's Kidney and Liver Bitters is used.

## The Great Brown-Pericord Motor

By CONAN DOYLE.

[Copyright, 1905, by the Author.]

Pericord said nothing, but his face glowed with pride and expectation. "We must have something to eat," Brown remarked, laying out some provisions which he had brought with him. "Afterward,"

"No, now," said the stolid mechanic. "I am half starved." He pulled up to the table and made a hearty meal, while his Celtic companion strode impatiently up and down with twitching fingers and restless eyes.

"Now, then," said Brown, facing round and brushing the crumbs from his lap, "who is to put it on?"

"I shall," cried his companion eagerly. "What we do tonight is likely to be historic."

"But there is some danger," suggested Brown. "We cannot quite tell how it may act."

"That is nothing," said Pericord, with a wave of his hand.

"But there is no use in our going out of our way to incur danger."

"Why a then? One of us must do it."

"Not at all. The motor would act equally well if attached to any inanimate object."

"That is true," said Pericord thoughtfully.

"There are bricks by the barn. I have a sack here. Why should not a bag of bricks be taken your place?"

"It is a good idea. I see no objection."

"Come on, then," and the two sallied out, bearing with them the various sections of their machine. The moon was shining cold and clear, though an occasional ragged cloud drifted across her face. All was still and silent upon the loams. They stood and listened before they entered the barn, but not a sound came to their ears, save the dull murmur of the sea and the distant barking of a dog. Pericord journeyed backward and forward with all that they might need, while Brown filled a long narrow sack with bricks.

When all was ready, the door of the barn was closed and the lamp balanced upon an empty packing case. The bag of bricks was laid upon two trestles, and the broad steel girder was buckled round it. Then the great phalanges, the wires and the metal box containing the motor were in turn attached to the girder. Last of all a flat steel ruler shaped like a fish's tail was secured to the bottom of the case.

"We must make it go round in a small circle," said Pericord, glancing round at the barn, high walls.

"The ruler down at one side," suggested Brown. "Now it is ready. Press the connection, and off she goes."

Pericord leaned forward, his long narrow face quivering with excitement. His white, nervous hands darted here

and there among the wires. Brown stood impassive, with critical eyes. There was a sharp bang from the machine. The huge yellow wings gave a convulsive flap; then another; then a third, slower and stronger, with a fuller sweep; then a fourth, which filled the barn with a blast of driven air. At the fifth the bag of bricks began to dance upon the trestles. At the sixth it sprang into the air and would have fallen to the ground, but the seventh came in time to save it and fluttered forward through the air. Slowly rising, it flapped heavily round in a circle, like some great clumsy bird, filling the barn with its buzzing and whirling. In the uncertain yellow light of the single lamp it was strange to see the loam of the machinery flapping off into the shadows and then circling back into the narrow zone of light.

The two men stood for awhile in silence. Then Pericord threw his long arms up into the air. "It acts!" he cried. "The Brown-Pericord motor acts!" He danced about like a madman in his delight. Brown's eyes twinkled, and he began to whistle.

"See how neatly it goes, Brown!" cried the inventor. "We must register it tomorrow."

His comrade's face darkened and set. "It is registered," he said, with a forced laugh.

"Registered?" said Pericord. "Registered?" He repeated the word first in a whisper and then in a kind of scream.

"Who has dared to register my invention?"

"I did it this morning. There is nothing to be excited about. It is all right."

"You registered the motor? Under whose name?"

"Under my own," said Brown sullenly. "I consider that I have the best right to it."

"And my name does not appear?"

"No, but—"

"You villain!" screamed Pericord. "You thief and villain! You would steal my work! You would filch my credit! I will have that patent back if I have to tear your throat out!" A somber fire burned in his black eyes, and his hands writhed themselves together with passion. Brown was no coward, but he shrank back as the other advanced upon him.

"Keep your hands off," he said, drawing a knife from his pocket. "I will defend myself if you attack me."

"You threaten me!" cried Pericord, whose face was livid with anger. "You are a bully as well as a cheat. Will you give up the patent?"

"No, I will not."

"Brown, I say, give it up."

"I will not. I did the work."

Pericord sprang madly forward, with blazing eyes and clenching fingers. His

companion writhed out of his grasp, but dashed against the packing case, over which he fell. The lamp was extinguished and the whole barn plunged into darkness. A single ray of moonlight, shining through a narrow chink, flickered over the great waving fans as they came and went.

"Will you give up the patent, Brown?"

There was no answer. "Will you give it up?" Again no answer. Not a sound save the humming and creaking overhead. A cold pang of fear and doubt struck through Pericord's heart. He felt aimlessly about in the dark, and his fingers closed upon a hand. It was cold and unresponsive. With all his anger turned to icy horror, he struck a match, set the lamp up and lit it.

Brown lay huddled up upon the other side of the packing case. Pericord seized him in his arms, and with convulsive strength lifted him across. Then the mystery of his silence was explained. He had fallen with his right arm doubled up under him, and his own weight had driven the knife deeply into his body. He had died without a groan. The tragedy had been sudden, horrible and complete.

Pericord sat silently on the edge of the case, staring blankly down and shivering like one with the ague, while the great Brown-Pericord motor boomed and rattled above him. How long he sat there can never be known. It might have been minutes, or it might have been hours. A thousand mad schemes flashed through his dazed brain. It was true that he had been only the indirect cause. But who would believe that?

He glanced down at his blood-spattered clothing. Everything was against him. It would be better to fly than to give himself up, relying upon his innocence. No one in London knew where they were. If he could dispose of the body, he might have a few days' clear before any suspicion would be aroused.

Suddenly a loud crash recalled him to himself. The flying sack had gradually risen with each successive circle until it had struck against the rafters. The blow displaced the connecting gear, and the machine fell heavily to the ground. Pericord undid the girder. The motor was uninjured. A sudden strange thought flashed upon him as he looked at it. The machine had become hateful to him. He might dispose both of it and the body in a way that would baffle all human search.

He threw open the barndoor and carried his companion out into the moonlight. There was a bilcock outside, and on the summit of this he laid him reverently down. Then he brought from the barn the motor, the girder and the phalanges. With trembling fingers he fastened the broad steel belt round the dead man's waist. Then he screwed the wings into the sockets. Beneath he slung the motor box, fastened the wires and switched on the connection. For a minute or two the huge yellow fans flapped and flickered. Then the body began to move in little jumps down the side of the bilcock, gathering a gradual momentum until at last it heaved up into the air and soared heavily off into the moonlight. He had not used the rudder, but had curved the head for the south. Gradually the weird thing rose higher and sped faster until it had passed over the line of cliff and was sweeping over the silent sea. Pericord watched it with a white, drawn face until it looked like a black bird with golden wings half shrouded in the mist which lay over the waters.

THE END.

## How the Heavens Move.

According to the older Struve, the movement of the sun through space is at about the rate of five miles per second, but that calculation was made on the supposition that the brightest of the fixed stars were between two and three times nearer us than they have been since proved to be. The best astronomers of more modern times are of the opinion that the actual speed of the solar system in its wild flight through space can scarcely fall short of 12 or even 20 miles per second. By a moderate estimate, then, our position in the great sea of space is changing at the rate of 600,000 miles annually. The above figures, wonderful as they may seem, are counterbalanced by the enormous distances which separate the fixed stars from the planets of our solar system as well as by the unthinkably and measureless space which intervenes between those distant orbs. Let us suppose that our sun and his train of planets and satellites are getting ready to make a trip to Sirius, the dog star, and that that body is anchored perfectly stationary in space. Suppose that we begin our trip on Jan. 1, 1905, when will we come in collision with the ruler of dogdays? Not until after a lapse of 50,000 years! And we are traveling 600,000 miles annually too!—St. Louis Republic.

## Boiling Springs.

On the premises of Dr. Lane, at Portland, Ore., is a well that yields water "a thousand times hotter than boiling."

At Pine Grove, Emmeralia county, Nev., there is a well, drilled in 1883, which furnished water for the miners to do their cooking with. Potatoes placed in the stone basin at the well will cook through and through in eight minutes.

The water of one of the artesian wells at Budapest has an average temperature of 200 degrees and flows at the rate of 175,000 gallons every 12 hours.

At Ritzin, Australia, there is a boiling spring which Professor Hillebrand says is inhabited by millions of small red fish. If these little hot water denizens be scooped from their natural element and placed in a pall of common drinking water, they die instantly, and the queer part of the story is that the scales and skin slip off just as though they had been scalded.—Exchange.

Watts—Let's walk along until a car overtakes us.

Potts—No. Let's walk the other way until a car meets us. We will catch it sooner, we will go down town just as quick, and we get more ride for our money.—Indianapolis Journal.

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## In the New York State Insane Asylum there is a wild-eyed man whose name and birthplace are alike unknown.

His reason has been unseated by some sudden shock, the doctors say, though of what nature they are unable to determine. "It is the most delicate machine which is most readily put out of gear," they say, "and put in proof of their axiom to the complicated electric engines and remarkable aeronautic machines which the patient is fond of devising in his more lucid moments."

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## MODJESKA THE GRAND.

Found Paine's Celery Compound the Best of Remedies.

For the Nervous Exhaustion Consequent Upon Her Arduous Work—The Remarkable Artiste Who Stands Pre-eminently at the Head of Her Profession.

The news of Modjeska's recovery from the recent severe sickness that compelled her to leave the stage will be a source of congratulation to the whole world. Modjeska, in a letter to Wells, Richardson & Company, says she has found (what thousands of people in every station of life

There is the danger that in their eagerness to take a spring remedy a thoughtless person may carry home some bogus concoction prepared with only such a smattering of medical knowledge as can be picked up behind a counter.

Paine's celery compound is prepared in

the most perfect manner, and its effects have been closely watched by the ablest physicians of every school, and they are

pleased to agree that it stands alone as the reliable remedy for building up a person's health in the spring.

The most overwhelming testimony to the value of Paine's celery compound that has recently appeared is from men and women of national reputation:

Hon. George B. Swift, mayor of Chicago: "Paine's celery compound is the best of all remedies for nervous exhaustion."

Francis Murphy, the foremost apostle of temperance in the world:

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